

Mr. M. H. Harris is our authorized agent for the sale of the Star, and is willing to receive subscriptions and advertisements for the same.

Patrons of Husbandry.

Orange Grange.

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The Star of Pascagoula.

"PEACE, GOOD WILL AND PROSPERITY TO ALL MANKIND"

VOL. 3, No. 26

PASCAGOULA, JACKSON Co., MISS. SATURDAY JUNE 19th, 1875.

WHOLE No. 445

A THOUGHT.

If flowers would always bloom at eve
As sweetly as they bloom at noon;
If joys would never take wing and leave
Great hours to languish all alone;
Then flowers would never seem half so bright.

And you would not be half so dear
The sweetest dawn of morning light
Is that we gaze on through a tear!

I am drifting with the current,
I am almost down life's stream;
How Time will cut his ruts
On my long and happy dream.

I have desired bright flowers' smiles,
I longed for the faint of hope;
I have desired the way side,
I have desired the way side.

I have loved, and would the gods,
That young Love would not be lost,
Have loved in a dream of bliss,
Though I know it could not last.

Many joys in life I've tasted,
Many sorrows I have known;
Now, like a bird on a wire,
And the past is not my own.

Early History of Pascagoula
and the Seaboard Section
of Mississippi.

From Capt. Chittenden's Unpublished Manuscript History of Mississippi.

PAPER NO. III.

Letter from Geo. Chittenden to the Secretary of State.

On the 30th Jan. 1811 at the instance of Gov. Claiborne, Maj. Gen. Hampton, commanding the Southern division of the army, posted 200 men at Pass Christian, and it was recommended as a suitable point for a permanent garrison.

On the 25th Jan. the Governor issued an ordinance extending the eastern boundary of the parish of Pascagoula to the Rio Peno or Dog river near Mobile, which was then occupied by the Spanish Gov. Folch, with a military force. His policy was to assert the claim and carry the jurisdiction of Louisiana to the river Perdido.

DR. FLOOD'S REPORT TO GOVERNOR CLAIBORNE.

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 25, 1811.

SIR:—In compliance with your instructions, I embarked on the Felicia, (Alligator,) and proceeded to the residence of Simon Favre, on the eastern bank of Pearl river, and delivered him his commission as Justice of the Peace for the parish of Biloxi.

Thence I proceeded to Bay St. Louis and the Pass of Christian, on the 9th January, 1811, at 2 o'clock P. M. I hoisted the flag of the United States, and filled up a commission for Philip Saucier, ("the elderly and worthy gentleman" referred to in your letter of instructions) as justice for the parish of Biloxi, and then sailed for the bay of Biloxi, where I presented your commission to Jaque L'Adner.

He is an honest and respectable man, but can neither read nor write, nor can any inhabitant of the bay of Biloxi. I supplied all these gentlemen with the civil code, and the laws of Louisiana.

I next made for the mouth of Pascagoula river where on the morning of the 13th January I hoisted the flag of the United States.

At this place I overtook Fortescue Coming, who had passed on before me distributing the President's proclamation. I fell in with several men who had left Dupree a few days before.

They informed me that all was quiet up the Pascagoula river; that the U. S. flag had been hoisted at Dupree's on the 2nd January, and that Kemper had dismissed his men saying that the object of their association had been accomplished. That they were now under the protection of the U. S., to which they owed respect and allegiance.

Conceiving that Dupree could at no future period be so well convinced of the necessity of returning the property which was seized from the people near the mouth of Pascagoula river, I fixed upon Fortescue Coming as a proper person to go to him. I therefore, filled up his commission as Justice of the Peace for the parish of Pascagoula, and dispatched him up the river, carrying with him the moral force of our laws, and new assurances of the determination of Government to protect its citizens; and to induce him, by a conciliatory course, to return the property to its rightful owners.

Finding no persons able to read or write, in and around Pascagoula, and the inhabitants expressing great confidence in, and attachment to Geo. Farragout, (sailing master U. S. N.) I prevailed on him to accept, for the time being, the commission of Justice for the parish of Pascagoula. I also

filled up a commission for Benjamin Flood, who resides 30 miles from the mouth of the river.

To visit Bayou Biloxi appeared unnecessary, as only one small family resides there. I however, entrusted a Mr. Morrison, formerly of the Navy, with a flag to be hoisted at the only house at that point.

The population of the parish of Biloxi may be estimated at 420; parish of Pascagoula 350. These are for the most part, French, or natives of Louisiana of French origin; and they are the most primitive, simple and indolent people I have ever seen. They know nothing of wealth or of its necessities, and regard labor as superfluous except for the bare necessities of life. They express themselves glad to be under the protection of the United States.

I am strongly impressed with the value to Louisiana, and to New Orleans, of these new parishes. This high, dry, sandy country, covered with pine, and the beautiful bays and rivers, between Lake Pontchartrain and the bay of Mobile, promise a full recompense for the unhealthiness of lower Louisiana and its metropolis.

In a military point of view—to influence the Indian tribes in the rear—and a safe and healthy retreat for the troops—the Pass of Christian and the bay of Pascagoula—present peculiar advantages.

With great respect, etc., etc.

WILLIAM FLOOD.

* Mr. Favre, was a man of intelligence, integrity and wealth. He had, under the Spanish government, resided on the Tumbebee, in the Choctaw territory, as agent and interpreter. Of the change of government he removed to Pearl river. In 1812-13, when the Creek Indians were on the war path, and the Choctaws were becoming troublesome, Gov. Claiborne sent Mr. Favre to talk with their chiefs, and his influence was very great.

This worthy gentleman died a number of years ago on his estate, leaving many descendants of great respectability in Hancock county, Miss. His eldest son, a venerable citizen, died a few weeks since. His grandchildren are the well known and much esteemed, Mr. Sam. Favre, of Jordan river mill, and Mr. J. B. Favre, of Pointe a la Poudre and Pearlburg.

The ancestor of the numerous and highly respectable family of that name in our seaboard counties.

This gentleman left many descendants who may be found now, in large numbers, from Pascagoula to Pearl river. The name is now written La Tour and Ladner.

The name, at that period seems to have been written Farragout. This sailing master was either the uncle or father of the renowned Admiral Farragut.

[NOTE.—This Geo. Farragut (as the name was and is spelt) was the father of Admiral Farragut and came originally from the island of Minorca, settled in Tennessee near the Hermitage, and was the friend and companion of Gen. Jackson with whom he served in his Indian campaigns. He removed to New Orleans, and finally to West Pascagoula about the year 1809. He died at Point Paquet, West Pascagoula, at 4 A. M. on the 4th of June 1817, at the age of sixty-three years. A son George Antoine was drowned July 15th, 1815, between Biloxi and Ship Island at the age of ten years. The Admiral, David Glasgow, was the second child, born July 2nd, 1802, at the residence in Tennessee, and at an early age entered the navy, serving, a mere lad, with Commodore Porter and was wounded in the thigh on the Essex in the navy battle in the harbor of Valparaiso. Two daughters of George Farragut, sisters of the Admiral, are at present the honored residents of Pascagoula—Nancy, Madame Gurie, two years the junior of the Admiral, and Elizabeth, Madame Dupont; and through the courtesy of the former are we indebted for these particulars, and we felt as if we were indeed brought in contact with historical characters as she sat by us and permitted us to read the births, and deaths from the old family bible.—ED. STAR.]

The Detroit Free Press says that "several American officers are going to join the Chinese army and show the Celestials that it is just as easy to stand up to the line as it is to run away." That will be difficult to do. In battle it requires a great deal of physical courage to stand, and quite as much moral courage to run; physical courage is not always to be had when most needed; but in moments of extreme danger, when shot and shell fly thickest, a fellow will sometimes scrape up and squander upon himself enough moral courage to supply the whole army.—Courier-Journal.

"Bad Company."

A few nights ago a pair of horses were driven up Fairmount avenue as a desperate gamb, and from the carriage, which was stopped at the gate of the Eastern Penitentiary, there jumped a gentleman who made all haste to gain an entrance into the gloomy institution. He promptly reappeared, bearing in his arms a wretched form, which he deposited with tender care in the carriage, which was then driven away.

The occupants of the carriage were a broad-shouldered father and his dying son. The latter was committed to the Eastern Penitentiary some two years ago for larceny. His intelligence and amiability soon made him a general favorite. He was at the time of his commitment about eighteen years old, a tall, well-formed, handsome young man, without a single trace of the usual characteristics of the criminal. The prison authorities took a special interest in his case but he was exceedingly reticent as to his history, excepting that he had fallen into bad company. About a year ago he began to show signs of the insidious complaint, consumption, which numbers many victims in prison.

He slowly wasted away, until two or three weeks ago the physician in charge, as he went through the hospital of the institution, stopped a moment before the cot of the patient, and said to him gravely, that if he had anything to say to any person on earth he had better do so without delay, as he had but a short time to live.

The remark seemed to impress the poor fellow deeply, for he shortly after asked for paper and pencil, and obtaining them wrote: "The son whom you have mourned as dead is in the Eastern Penitentiary, Philadelphia."

He signed the brief note, and sank back exhausted on his couch.

Being asked relative to the destination of the note he had written, he directed it to be addressed to a lady in a town in Massachusetts, which was complied with. A few days afterwards a gentleman applied to the prison authorities for permission to see the youth, and when brought into his presence evinced the strongest emotion.

He stated he was the father of the dying boy, and that the latter's mother being at the White Mountains for her health, which is very delicate, he, the father, had opened the note sent from this city, and was very glad he had done so, as the declaration contained in it would surely have killed her. Their son had been considered dead for more than two years.

Being wealthy, the parents had given him a good education, and designed him for a professional life, but when about sixteen years of age his mind became somewhat affected by the influence of sensational novels, and he formed an insatiable desire to roam through the Western wilds. He ran away with two sons of the mayor of the town, but was traced to the place they had chosen for a temporary stay and brought home, but he very soon afterwards again ran off, and his parents had since heard nothing of him, except a report that he had been killed, which they believed.

The sight of the boy stretched upon a bed of death within the forbidding walls of a prison crushed the poor father's heart; but this only made his importunities the more effective, and he succeeded in procuring his son's pardon, with which he sped the prison, and doubtless, anxious that even were it the last hour of his son's life, it should be spent in pure free air, he had him carried from the institution as above related. It was his intention should the son live until he could be conveyed upon board a steamship, to have him taken home in that way, otherwise he would let him die at a hotel, and then have the body taken on rail to the home of his innocent and happy boyhood.

The weight of sorrow that awaited the mother in either case can easily be conceived. Whether the dying young man revived sufficiently to endure the sea trip, or whether he died at the hotel his father brought him to, we did not learn. The narrative is a brief but painful one, and not without a powerful lesson to youth.

—Philadelphia Inquirer.

An exchange says, "We'll ride two miles to see two brothers under twelve years of age go to bed together without having a dispute about something."

Sherman's Surprise.

The significant silence of General Sherman's memoirs on the subject of their author's surprise at the battle of Shiloh, or Pittsburg Landing is attracting the attention of the critics of his work. The Memphis Avalanche, whose editor was an eye-witness to the occurrence, remarks upon our errors of that famous battle how "a portion of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston's advance slept on their arms Saturday night almost within gunshot of the Federal lines, and early Sunday morning were charging on their tents, routing from their slumbers the officers and men, none of whom seemed to be aware that an enemy was within a half dozen miles. No pickets were out; no preparations seem to have been made for meeting an onset, though there is official evidence that as late as Friday Gen. Sherman was aware of the presence of a large Confederate force between Corinth and the Tennessee river." To which statements there are no lack of corroborative witnesses in Middle Tennessee.

The ex-Confederate survivors of the battle from the remnants from this division of the state well remember that in the charge which swept the Federal force down to the water's edge of the Tennessee river, the camps through which they doubled-quickened having been precipitately abandoned.

"Sumptuous breakfasts, smoking and untouched, on spacious linen spreads, were hurriedly abandoned, and some officers' coats were still warm where the game had lately lain. There can be no sort of question but that the author of the memoirs was caught napping and if he did not himself, not a few of his officers lost their breakfasts on that memorable Sunday morning of April, 1862.—Nashville Banner.

Stand by Your Principles.

A remarkable body of farmers met at St. Louis, in February, 1874; and, as other bodies often do, issued a declaration of principles." This was the first National meeting of the Patrons of Husbandry, since they had become a "power in the land," and great anxiety was manifested by all parties, in and out of the Order, to know what kind of a declaration the farmers could make. Nobly did they come up to their work of platform building, and they proclaimed to the world a declaration of principles that will stand through all time to come. We must stand by these principles, and the power of the farmers' movement is destined to expand, until reaches and consolidates the producers of the whole country into one great, well-constructed and symmetrical organization. Five years ago everybody thought that the farmers were too large a class, too unwieldy a body to render co-operation and organization possible. The farmers were consigned to everlasting vassalage; but they were not slow to learn their oppressed condition. The work of organization commenced, and has been carried on with magic rapidity, until it now numbers nearly two millions of members in the United States.

It was the representatives of this membership by State Granges, that put forth this admirable declaration of principles. Every effort was made to inveigle the National Grange into support of political parties, but the leaders remained true to the fundamental doctrines of the Order, and preserved it from partisanship.

This declaration of the National Grange, marked an era in the history of agriculture in the United States. It places their Order above the atmosphere of political tricksters, and declares that the object of the Grange is the education and elevation of the farmers as a class.

The Granges will introduce among the farmers, what they have so long needed, instruction in business and intimate social relations. In the Grange, the farmers of each neighborhood will meet with their families, and discuss all questions relating to their interests. This will acquaint them with the routine of public meetings, give them confidence to express their opinions, and keep alive the principles of the Order. It will enable them to stand fast to their principles against all outside pressure.

Startling Rumor.

From the Columbus Index, of the 8th inst., we copy the following damaging report concerning A. K. Davis, our ex-Governor, Lieutenant-Governor. It is another argument showing that any Radical will sell himself for money. If the charge is proven against him, the Radical party can not refuse to throw him overboard, such villainies would sink any party. The Index says:

For a week or more there has been current in the city a number of rumors seriously affecting the character of Lieutenant-Governor Davis. We have not been able to definitely substantiate these reports, but we are in possession of facts that tend to prove that the Lieutenant-Governor has been guilty of an act which should cause his impeachment and expulsion from the high office which he holds. Briefly, the rumors are to the effect that during last month he was paid one thousand two hundred and fifty dollars for pardoning Thomas Barrentine, the murderer of Mrs. Thomas. That the people abroad may understand how villainous was the act of pardoning Barrentine, we will briefly state the facts of the murder: Some time last year, Barrentine and his accomplice went at night to the residence of Mrs. Thomas, a widow woman living near Caledonia in this county. There, in the presence of her little children who were piteously begging for her life, they dragged the shrieking woman from her house, and as she prayed for mercy, one of the men held her and the other, Barrentine, deliberately fired several shots from his revolver into her breast. Was there ever a more sickening murder?

On the 21st day of May, while Governor Ames was on the Gulf-coast, Lieutenant-Governor Davis, who for a week or more had been waiting in Jackson for the Governor's departure, issued a pardon to Barrentine. This is a fact not a rumor, which in itself is sufficient to damn the Lieutenant-Governor. This was not definitely known until Sheriff Lewis, of this county, having in his possession information as to Barrentine's whereabouts in another State, went to Jackson to obtain a requisition for Barrentine's arrest.

In regard to the bribery of the Lieutenant-Governor, it is almost impossible to obtain the facts except by judicial process; but we have heard of a mysterious check for one thousand two hundred and fifty dollars, which rumor states was the price paid for the pardon. The names of some prominent gentlemen of this city are connected with the matter, and from them a legislative committee might gain some important evidence.

Yesterday, June 7, an Index reporter looked for Lieut. Gov. Davis to hear his statement of the affair, but was informed that he had gone to Jackson. When he returns, we hope to give our readers what he has to say.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—In his great speech before the Beecher-Tilton jury, Judge Porter, for the defense gave utterance to the following noble and beautiful sentiment:

"Husband and wife, you know, gentlemen, never grow old to each other. We see upon one whom we all honor (pointing to Judge Neilson) the marks of maturing years and advancing age. I have not the pleasure of knowing the lady who has been chosen as the light of his dwelling, but I know that she does not see him as I see him. She sees him in the health and flush of young manhood, with the glory of youth upon him, and to this hour his age is that on which he pressed upon her finger the marriage ring, and he, while he may be looking upon me whom time has touched with some of those changes which it leaves upon the faces of us all, he sees her as she came before the clergyman who solemnized their marriage rites, fresh and beaming, glowing with youth and bright as the morning star."

The New York Sun's reporter says:

"This passage, spoken with exceeding pathos, brought the tears into Judge Neilson's eyes."

An instructor asked a French girl why her brother in French was feminine. She replied it was probably owing to the fact that the boys liked it so well.

A Cunning Expedient.

There is a tale among the Hindoos that a thief having been detected and condemned to die happily, his eyes upon an expedient which gave him hope of life. He went for his girdle, and told him he had a secret of great importance which he desired to impart to the king, and when this had been done he would be prepared to die. After receiving this promise of intelligence the king at once ordered the culprit to be conducted to his presence, and demanded of him to know his secret. The thief replied that he knew the secret of causing a tree to grow which would bear fruit of pure gold. The experiment might be easily tried, and his majesty would not lose the opportunity, as accompanied by his prime minister, his courtiers, and his chief priest, he went with the thief to a spot selected near the city wall, where the latter performed a series of solemn incantations. This done, the condemned man produced a piece of gold, and declared that if it should be placed, it would produce a tree every branch of which would bear gold.

"But," he added "this must be put into the ground by a hand that has never been stained by a dishonest act. My hand is not clean therefore I pass it to your majesty."

The king took the piece of gold, but hesitated. Finally he said, "I remember in my younger days, that I often filched money from my father's treasury which was not mine. I have repented thereof; but yet I hardly dare say my hand is clean. I pass it to my prime minister."

The latter, after a brief consideration, answered:—"It were a pity to break the charm through a possible blunder. I receive taxes from the people, and as I am exposed to many temptations, how can I be sure that I have remained perfectly honest? I must give it to the governor of our citadel."

"No, No," cried the governor, drawing back. "Remember that I have the serving out of pay and provision to the soldiers. Let the high priest plant it."

And the priest said, "You forget; I have the collecting of tithes, and the disbursements for sacrifices."

At length the thief exclaimed:—"Your majesty, I think it were better for society that all five of us should be hanged, since it appears that not an honest man can be found among us."

In spite of the lamentable exposure, the king laughed; and so pleased was he with the thief's cunning expedient, that he granted him a pardon.

The pig was thus written up by a Georgia boy: "The pig is about as big as a sheep, only a pig's wool isn't good for making stockings of. Why is a pig like a tree? Because he roots. That is a conundrum. A pig washes himself in the mud. A pig has four legs, one under each corner of his body. They pick a pig's feet, but not until after the pig is done using 'em. A pig squeals awful when it rains, also when you pull its tail. A pig has got a first-rate voice for squealing, and he grunts when he feels good. You can't make a whistle of a pig's tail, 'cos it is crooked. Why is a pig like Tommy Grant? 'Cos he's got his nose in everybody's business. This is another conundrum, which is all I know about the pig."

"TOTE."—The Mobile (Alabama) Register resents an imputation cast upon a legitimate Southern word, saying:

The other day a Georgia paper said that Mr. A. H. Stephens could not have made a certain remark, because he understood the English language too well to make use of such a slang word as 'tote.' We cling to 'tote' as the Anglo-Saxon nations cling to Magna Charta. It reminds us of our descent from a liberty-loving people, and preserves the memory of justice. The writ by which a peasant aggrieved in a Baron's Court was enabled to carry (tollers) his case up to the county court was known as the writ of toll, pronounced commonly tote. This privilege which the humble farmer had of toting his case up from his own landlord to a less prejudiced court was dear to every Englishman. The people of the South will not surrender that word. It is as dear to our yeomen as the common law itself.

It has been well said that the thing most likely to make the angels wonder is to see a proud man. But pride of birth is the most ridiculous of all vanities—it is like the boasting of the root of the tree, instead of the fruit it bears.

It is in vain to hope to please all alike. Let a man stand with his face in what direction he will, he must necessarily turn his back on one-half the world.